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The Academy Herald

Vol. 1, No. 1, 1901

No. 1

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of the City of New York

and the City of New York

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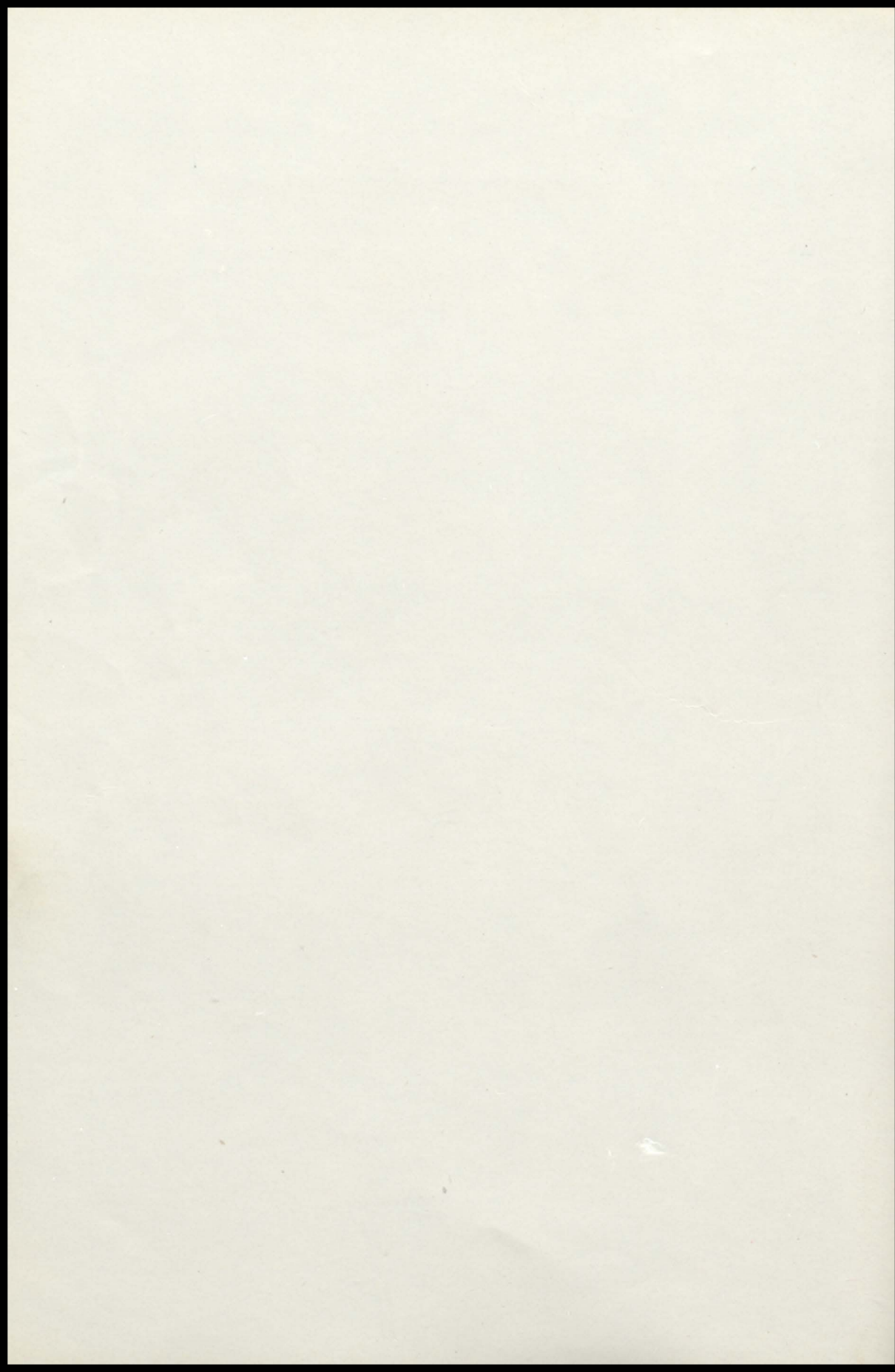
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The Academy Herald

VOL. XVII,

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NO. 1.

THE ACADEMY HERALD

Devoted to the Interest of
GOULD'S ACADEMY

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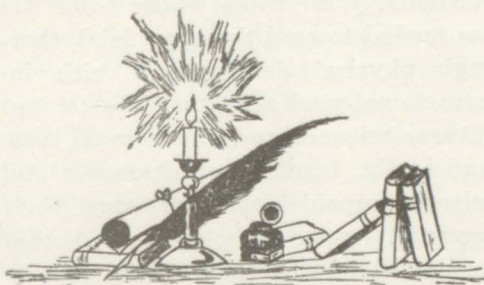
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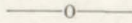
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EDITORIAL.

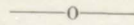
A distinguished college president in a recent address at a boys' school said: "I have often been asked what I would consider the ideal secondary school, built without restriction or limitation. No one could in a single address compass or define such a school, but the great things desirable because radically important would be these: A location in the real country, wholly removed from the distractions of city life; an opportunity for many of its students to reach their homes for the Sabbath; a provision for boys of varying financial means. This is intrinsically profitable to both classes of students—those from homes of affluence, and those who may have to work their way along through the years of their school training. The blending of interests, the practice in co-operation, the acquaintance and the

rivalry, the growth in mutual respect and friendship, the giving and getting from various social inheritances, all are possible under these conditions; a curriculum that is simple and vital, especially at the adolescent age, and particularly for those whose home life has tended toward the superficial, thorough physical development, rich informational studies in the physical and natural sciences and the manual arts. And lastly, teachers of character and culture, capable of impressing their personality upon the plastic minds that come within the circle of their influence." Parents with children to educate would do well to note how many of these characteristics are found right here in our own Gould's Academy.



When the son of George Meredith, the famous English novelist, was away at school, his father once wrote to him these words,—“Keep pure in mind, unselfish of heart, and diligent in study.” If all the students in our school would heed these three commandments there would be a higher average in rank, more school loyalty, and a finer conception of honor among the boys and girls. “Keep pure in mind.” That means—Don’t do anything of which you need be ashamed! Don’t behave badly when a teacher’s back is turned. Don’t cheat in examinations, and don’t help anyone else to cheat. If young people are not absolutely honorable in school they are

not very likely to be so when they leave school. “Keep unselfish of heart.” If you see a chance to make anyone else happy, take that chance! If you are having a good time, try to help every one around you to have a good time. Real happiness consists in always thinking of the happiness of others. The person who follows out this principle is not the one who always is discontented and dissatisfied. “Keep diligent in study.” Get everything you can out of your lessons. Don’t learn by rote without caring for the deeper significance. If you come upon a passage you do not understand, look it up, and remember its meaning always. If you covet good rank, try hard to get it, and you will usually succeed. And remember, above all, that what you learn carefully now will stay by you all your life. Take the best authors and study them closely and you will always have with you a good library. These three principles perfectly carried out will make the ideal school. Perhaps some day this will come. Let each one of us try his best during the rest of the year to “keep pure in mind, unselfish of heart, and diligent in study.”



The Y. M. C. A., mention of which is made elsewhere, should become a potent force in shaping and directing the moral life of the school. A very large percentage of the boys have taken a positive stand for the Christian life, and when forty earnest, en-

thusiastic young men band themselves together for a common purpose, something is bound to result. Their efforts should enlist the earnest support and co-operation of every citizen who has the welfare of the school and the community at heart. The young women of the school are also interested in the organization of a Y. W. C. A., and with the opening of the new term, steps will be taken toward that end.

—o—

Athletics serve their highest purpose when they foster a sportsman-like spirit. There have been severe criticisms of the partizan attitude taken by the crowds that attend great athletic contests here in America. Cheer your own side and jeer your opponents is too often the rule. It is therefore the greater pleasure to note the splendid exhibition of sportsmanship made by the sympathizers with the Princeton team in the recent game with Harvard. When Brickley's wonderful kicking for Harvard had defeated Princeton, the whole Princeton section of the grand-stand rose and with the beaten "Tigers" gave three lusty cheers, spontaneous and heartfelt, for the great Harvard player. It was the finest thing in a game that abounded in thrilling incidents.

—o—

While a boy at school in England, a certain Japanese wrote in his diary: "If one says he could not succeed his

ambition because he has not money enough, I would call him a slave of money. If one says he could not because he is not strong enough, I would call him a slave of his body; and if one says he could not because his relatives or friends would not let him do so, I would call him a slave of his neighbors. By no means could I be a slave of any of them!" The English may be dubious, but the sentiment shines with a beauty that would dignify any language.

—o—

As we look forward to our last year at Gould's, we feel unequal to carrying out the tasks of these last terms before we graduate. As we look back, the hill of learning that we have climbed, seems small indeed compared with the mountain masses of things passed carelessly by.

If we could have realized that "one step, and then another, and the longest walk is ended," could be applied to our school work, what credit marks we might have honestly earned, and how much easier our work would be now!

If we had risen carefully, step by step, the mountains of things left undone would have melted away long ago, and we should have been much nearer our educational goal than we are now.

There are few Seniors, who would not say, "I feel that I have not made the most of my opportunities and now I am sorry that I did not study harder

in my first two years at school." It surely does not pay to drift along, making your school work secondary to everything else. The scholars who work well, will play well, and a feeling that your work is well done will double your capacity for enjoyment, or for giving pleasure to others.

Work hard, then play with a light heart, and you will find each day's problems, as they come, easier to solve.

We realize this now, and we hope these few words will set some of our schoolmates to thinking. You are not studying just for graduation day, that is only one more stepping stone as you climb upward.

Everything in this life worth having must be gained by earnest endeavor, and in striving yourself you are sure to influence others around you to do better work.

Work steadily and honestly, and bye and bye you will have reached the height, where you can put away school books and be prepared to learn life's broader lessons.

"Forever in the wake of true achieving
There shines this glowing trail,
Some other soul will be spurred on
In its own strength believing,
Because thou didst not fail."

TO A GIRL OF POMPEII.

What fair Italian fields did you once tread?
What flowers long since dust once decked
your head?

What youths and maidens danced and laugh-
ed with you
When you were young and fair and pass-
ing sweet,
When all the world was bending at your feet,
And you went singing, laughing, all day
through?

What were you doing on that far-off day?
Were you so much engrossed in merry play
That you saw not the livid, crimson sun,
Or the great cloud that gathered in the
sky,
And the red blaze that doomed you all to
die—
To die in torture, slowly, one by one?

I wonder what you thought that short last
day
Before the mountain and the sapphire bay
Were blotted from your sight forevermore.
Perchance you felt some warning in your
heart,
Perchance while others danced, you sat apart
And said farewell to the long, lovely shore.
M. C. H.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

When men first began to band to-
gether for common purposes some sort
of conspicuous object or symbol was
used to unite them in a spirit of broth-
erhood and devotion to their cause.

During the Revolution the thirteen
colonies used flags of various designs.
The first legal record of what the na-
tional emblem should be is this, found
in the journal of the Continental Con-
gress: "Resolved, That the flag of
the thirteen United States be thirteen
stripes alternate red and white; that
the Union be thirteen stars, white in
a blue field, representing a new con-

stellation." This resolution was passed by Congress on the fourteenth day of June, 1777, which gives us the date for our flag day.

This resolution, however, was once or twice altered, but on April 4, 1818, it was re-established with the further provision that one star should be added on the fourth day of July following the admission of a new state, which event necessitates the re-arrangement of the stars. The result is that we now have forty-eight white stars on the blue field of our flag, the thirteen stripes representing the thirteen original colonies and the forty-eight stars the great sisterhood of states.

The home of the flag is the Quaker City. It was here that "Betsy" Ross made the first American flag after a pattern furnished by George Washington. Her first attempt meeting with approval, she was appointed flag-maker for the government and held this position many years.

The industry then started by Mrs. Elizabeth Ross has increased rapidly. At the present time more than three million star-spangled banners are manufactured yearly of silk and bunting alone but these form only a small proportion of the flags made. One large establishment, making a specialty of printed muslin flags, turns out fifty-nine thousand a day. The making of the national emblem requires skilled labor, girls and women alone possessing the ability to secure the best results. This is the only industry which has patriotism alone for its basis and it is sure to grow in direct proportion to the growth of patriotism among the people.

The smallest flag made is one and three-fourth inches wide and three inches long, but small as the American flag may be it is great in what it stands for, and has been called a "floating piece of poetry."

The white in the flag stands for purity. To what country on the globe could that be better applied than to our beloved United States?

The red stands for valor. Does not this represent our fore-fathers during the Revolution? Yes, and even farther back than that; back to the early settlers of this country. Who were more brave than they? Separating themselves from all that was dear in their early homes, they, for the sake of their progeny, braved the dangers of the journey and of the life in the new country to secure freedom in worship. Then during the Revolution, men left home, friends, relatives, all, and marched away at the call of their country and courageously faced death saying that they regretted having but one life to give for their country. Certainly the red merits a place in our national emblem.

The blue is for justice. At first you may think that our country lacks in this respect, but is this the fault of the United States as a whole or of individual persons? Didn't our country do justice to the slaves when she gave them their freedom? Other instances might be quoted but this one is sufficient to show that the blue merits the place which it occupies on the flag of our nation.

Now, taking the flag as a whole it is a symbol of union. The forty-eight states have common interests—the social, moral, and intellectual advancement of each.

It is a symbol of strength. Our country's strength lies not alone in its navy, its magazines and arsenals, but also in its natural resources. No other country is as strong in this respect as ours.

It is a symbol of liberty. Wherever the American flag floats, on the continent or on the islands, there is liberty.

With a flag meaning as much as

ours, does it not behoove each one of us to rally to the support of it in time of peace as well as of war, to put forth every effort to better our country and our fellow-men, and to arouse a greater loyalty to our national emblem. "And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

M. I. W.

WOODLAND POETS.

Through the woodlands, in the marshlands,
Where the nodding daisies spring,
By the streamlet's silvery murmur
Many poets live and sing.

Burns' heart is overflowing
With a passion, deep and strong,
Full of pathos, full of sweetness,
In the vesper Sparrow's song.

Hark! the Catbird! how he mimics!
How he jests and mocks; and then
Bursts into entrancing music,
Lowell come to life again.

Little Pewee, sweetly singing
Thy sad strain, at eve apart
With a cadence charming, tender,
Thou must have a Shelley's heart.

Vireo, incessant preacher,
Thou dost weary us at times,
As monotonous thy music
As are Pope's unvaried rhymes.

Welcome, Robin, to our homesteads,
With thy stirring martial note,
Echoes of Sir Walter's music
Fall in torrents from thy throat.

Happy little sweet-voiced Goldfinch,
Full of life and love and mirth,
Every note a bit of sunshine,
Thou art our Chaucer back on earth.

Veery, with thy voice so tender,
Mystic, deep, in twilight heard,
With a meaning hard to fathom,
Browning art thou, loved bird.

Whip-poor-will, lone midnight wand'rer,
Like a Poe, mysterious, strange,
"Never more" thou loudly callest
From the forest's deepest lanes.

Hermit, wonderful musician,
Lone flute of the forest dim,
Voice in stately grandeur rising,
Thou art chanting Milton's hymn.

So we love you, little songsters,
Not for your own selves alone,
But for echoes of loved poets
In each sweet melodious tone.

Shirley Russell, G. A., '06.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS.

BY

RUTH I. MASON.

Delivered at Graduation Exercises, 1912.

Once again the glad June time is with us. All the sweet-throated warblers, with hearts bursting with melody, have returned to their favorite haunts from the distant sunny Southland. Everywhere nature is bubbling with laughter and song. And the year is 1912.

Another class is about to step forth into the world from out the portals of old Gould's. In the doorway be-

tween the past and future we are standing and e'er we cross the threshold for one brief moment we turn—in sadness well nigh too deep for tears—to breathe the saddest, sweetest word of the English language—"Good-bye."

Friends and Worthy Alumni—I thank you in behalf of the class of 1912 for your presence and the close attention you have given to our exercises. In the strenuous life of to-day, it is pleasing to note; that business can be laid aside on the June day that from Gould's is ushered forth the graduate class of the year; that one day of the year seems given over to the younger people. We appreciate the fact more deeply because it brings us in closer touch with you—the people, who, with sturdy strength and uprightness, have "made good," and with the wise judgment of graver years have kept the traditional integrity of the early settlers. Bethel's inhabitants are noted for their love for all that relates to education. No boy or girl striving for such but will gain a new strength to try harder if you, personally, speak a word of encouragement or give him a smile of good cheer.

When the next school year opens and this class no more as students of Gould's walk the familiar village streets, and our voices no longer ring out in laugh and song upon the campus; I ask you not to forget us, but have kindly thoughts for each and all, remembering that we shall ever keep in memory's quiet hall the friendly faces known and loved in Bethel.

It is not to be wondered that as I turn to you—Honored Members of the Board of Trustees—I hesitate, endeavoring to find suitable words with which to express our appreciation of the "Powers behind the Throne," the well-balanced minds that so skillfully

have guided us over shoals and quicksands, ever watchful lest we in the headiness of youth lose our reckoning and drift aimlessly to at last become only wreckage on Life's Ocean. Our earnest endeavors to make the most of every opportunity for becoming true men and women,—lifters not leaners—shall be our lasting thanks to you.

Beloved Principal and Teachers.—The measure of power to help is the measure of the love in the heart of the helper, and the faith he has that at last the good shall win. With this love that seeks not its own glory, and this faith that grips the heart of things, you have taught us that the fruits of the spirit are: love, peace, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, and self control. From you we have learned not to waste our time in idle speculation as to the unknowable service of our life-stream or in seeking to trace it to the ocean; but that while it runs its brief course it is ours to make yield its blessings. And to such purpose you have trained our hands and brain. Believe me, no class ever bade farewell to their instructors with a firmer sense of obligation, a greater reverence, or more love and loyalty to both teachers and Alma Mater.

Sometime in future years, you, perchance, may find, on memory's pages the record of our school life. "God grant you read the good with smiles;" may tears of tender compassion blot out the ill. For your never ending efforts for our advancement, your gentle patience with our faults, your examples of true earnest lives and the "square deal" you have always given us, we extend our sincere and heartfelt thanks.

Ah Schoolmates—In the golden future that beckons so joyously we no doubt shall find rougher paths and lessons more difficult; but no friends and

comrades, dearer or truer than those
we leave at old Gould's.

"The years have taught some sweet, some
bitter lessons,
None wiser than this:
To spend in all things else
But of old friends be most miserly."

Dear, Dear Classmates.—For four
happy years our interests have been
the same. Now we've reached the
"Parting of Ways." Never again will
we share the joys and sorrows of
schooldays. Somewhere a work awaits
us, as individuals, and in life's battle
we can hire no substitute. Everyone
has some memory which is dearest and
sweetest. Methinks as we journey on,
we can convey no dearer memories
than those interwoven with our school-
days at Gould's. May the friendships
formed here remain forever as stead-
fast as our own loved mountains. With
deep sadness at the parting but a per-
fect trust in the Father who ever
guides our footsteps, we bid farewell
and godspeed.

"Out there is the world, and we are here;
Above are the skies serene and clear,
There's never a cloud or sign of one—
There's only hope in the rising sun,
And our eyes see but the good and the fair
In the dreamy—so dreamy world out there.

The call of its voice is sweet and strong;
Each bush sends a thrill of hopeful song,
The trees are abloom with fragrant flowers,
There's beauty and peace in the summer
hours,
And the days are forever ripe and rare
In the dreamy—so dreamy world out there.

But, O, trusting heart, how soon will be—
The change in the morn our eyes will see,
The blue of the sky will change to gray,

The trees will release their blossoms gay—
Our souls will be tried with sorrow and care
In the dreamy—so dreamy world out there.

Then this be our prayer as forth we go;
That God give us strength to meet each
foe;
From wrong and malice may we be free
That courage and truth our friends shall
be.
So whatever cross we have to bear,
We may stand the test of the world out
there."

MY PURPOSE

I have at heart a purpose firm,
And a will both strong and true;
I will make of my life the most I can
I'll do all that I can do;

I'll be true to myself, my friends, my God.
My life shall be pure and strong;
I'll make the most that I can of each chance;
I'll battle against the wrong.

'15.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A TRUE LADY.

When asked to write upon this sub-
ject, certain characteristics came to
my mind, such as truthfulness, faith-
fulness and other qualities that cer-
tainly must help form my ideal, but
these did not seem to fully meet the
great sum of requirements that would
make me satisfied with my conception
of a True Lady.

I began to question my thought.
Does education, alone, make the lady?
No, for a woman may be able to speak
several languages, to converse upon
many subjects, with a skill in writing

much to be admired, and still fall short of great requirements.

Does wealth, accomplishments or a Parisian wardrobe satisfy my ideal?

There must be something far greater than these pleasant advantages to put my lady on her pedestal.

We must surely see that neither education nor unsuperficial cultivation, nor wealth can give us our longed for lady.

The first great quality which seems to be a necessary foundation of all true, fine powerful womanhood is—self control.

A woman may be educated, cultivated, accomplished and beautiful, but without self control she is not a lady. And this great power is possible to every woman if she will pay the price of its attainment.

It comes from a constant practice, an hourly discipline of thoughts, which become deeds.

The girl who slams a door in anger, throws a book across the floor, snaps out an angry word, will become a woman, but not a lady.

So we must put self control as our first requirement.

There is another great principle which not only changes a woman into a lady, but makes her a happy one.

The gracious desire to help others gives back to every life the truest happiness.

One who never wastes time by saying, "What shall I do to pass away the time?" but fills her hours with loving thoughts blossoming with deeds, never finds time hanging on her hands.

And how such a life shines upon dark places.

We students know of such people, and a little personal travel story may illustrate.

It was a very hot and dusty day, the passengers on the train were weary

and tired, and the journey seemed long and cheerless. A lady with a face that bore a type of beauty which combined with her manner and bearing, cast all around her a glow of cheerfulness.

She sat down beside an older lady, and no sooner had she spoken a few words than she began to enlist the attention of other passengers. She played with the children in the car, who seemed so unhappy. Soon the dust, heat and cheerless feelings were forgotten. When she left the car they looked out of the windows to see her as long as they could.

All were left light-hearted and happy now.

Let us not fail to notice the effect of an unselfish life upon one's manner, for politeness naturally flows from such sources.

The graciousness, deference and tactful courtesy which marks the true lady are simply blossoms from a nature, grounded upon these two great principles, self control and self forgetfulness. These seem to my mind to be the absolutely necessary qualifications that constitute the True Lady.

A. H.

THE BELOVED BIRTHDAY, NOV. 29.

The birthday of Morris Pratt was observed on Monday afternoon, Dec. 2, as a joyous occasion. Mrs. Gehring gave a few words of encouragement and inspiration. Miss Weed gave, by request, a reading from "Les Misérables," and Dr. Gehring rendered several fine selections on the Victor. Mr. Pratt's favorite hymn, "The Lord is My Shepherd," was sung in closing.

MRS. GEHRING'S ADDRESS.

It is Mrs. Pratt's wish that this birthday observed in remembrance of her son shall be considered not a memorial service as it properly was last year, but an hour of bright, courageous, recollection and inspiration.

There will be no address by me, only a few words to you.

Whenever I come to visit you dear young people, and stand looking down into your interesting faces I become so fascinated with the possibilities I see embodied in so many personalities that I just long to tell you everything that I know, and all I have seen in life that could possibly give you helps toward becoming all I feel that you can become!

And as there is so much to talk about I never feel I have said just what I meant to say when I started to speak to you. So to-day I am going to try to hold myself to one thought.

Hallowe'en night in your Gymnasium gave me my subject for to-day. Now you are wondering if it was the clever little play, the music, the pretty dancing, the black cats, witches and Jack-o'-lanterns, or the charming, quaint costumes that impressed me so much as to make my talk to-day start from what I saw that night.

It was all these things, for I saw a principle put into action!

Many years ago, when I was even younger than the youngest here, I heard from the lips of my father-teacher, whose face bends over us,—some words, so often repeated in different ways, that I grew to understand them for myself. He declared that a person's real character could be determined by two words. Had he or had he not—PUBLIC SPIRIT?

And what does PUBLIC SPIRIT mean? It means doing for the general good,—not first of all for ourselves.

Now look back to Hallowe'en night and you will see what I saw in the Gymnasium. Some clever and unselfish people had spent hours of hard work, hours when they possibly were tired, when they were over-burdened with cares, when they would perhaps very gladly have borne with the idea that Hallowe'en should be left out of the dictionary, but cheerfully worked on in order that the many might have a merry evening.

There was PUBLIC SPIRIT. And the willingness to sacrifice one's comfort, time and means, for the general good marks the superior boy or girl, man or woman!

The greatest honor that can be given students in this Academy is to have older people say of them, "Such a boy or girl is one we may ask to do a hard task for the good of the school."

The greatest disapproval would fall upon any student here, who would take such a position of incapacity and selfishness as never to be asked as a helper.

A school is a small world. Tests are given here every day within these walls that do not come from your textbooks, and you are not ranked by examination papers for them. You meet them wonderfully well in this Academy. There has always been a most unusual spirit carried on from class to class which has given the interested friends of the school much courage in their efforts to help sustain it. And these tests will place you in the world you are to go out to meet by and by.

In the School Fairs, in entertainments, in athletic contests, in the Commencement-week calls upon you for unselfish service, there has always been a high standard maintained, and it is to help you crystalize a fine tendency into a firm principle that I am bringing before you to-day these two

words, PUBLIC SPIRIT, for your consideration during your school year, which will give the best proof that the character-development these birthdays suggest is making steady growth.

It gives me the greatest possible encouragement to be told that the tone of the school has visibly improved since we last met to remember Mr. Morris Pratt!

No heartsease can come to those parents greater than to be told, as I shall tell them, that their son's life is a living power for good in this Academy,—so blessed by their generosity.

Supposing there was no Public Spirit in the world! Supposing our little town had never known its power!

Our Lovely Common,—once a barren field. The Athletic Field, given to supply its place—as a playground. The Principal's Home, Holden Hall, The Chapels of our three churches, The Soldiers' Monument, The Public Library, The gifts to this school, The Endowment Fund,—not one of these great good benefices going to any one person as a selfish advantage, but for the good of many.

Every one of these blessings came from following a law. A law given by the Master of the art of Living.

The Christ said:

"He who saves his life shall lose it,"—that is, he who seeks only his own selfish gratifications, loses power, ability, influence, love,—all that makes life worth living.

While, to follow the law further, "He who loses his life for my sake, (for the sake of the highest, noblest, most unselfish thing one knows) shall find it,"—shall find the very best and enduring good this world can offer, for God's laws are always enforced—in time.

Now my dear students of Gould's Academy, blessed every day by the

Public Spirit of others, there are those here in this room of whom I am as sure as one need be that what I shall ask you to take as your standard this year, in remembrance of Mr. Morris Pratt, will be a living power in your lives, and we, your friends, will surely rejoice in seeing its manifestation in your developing characters as PUBLIC SPIRIT!

VISIT OF THE BOWDOIN Y. M. C. A. DEPUTATION.

The earnest desire of many of our good people was fulfilled on Dec. 6th, when Paul H. Douglass, Clarence A. Brown and Arthur S. Merrill of Bowdoin College came to us as a Y. M. C. A. deputation to tell our boys of the Christian life. In order to get acquainted and create a feeling of good-fellowship, basket ball games were arranged for Friday evening between the Bowdoin Independents and Gould's 1st, and between the Y. M. C. A. boys and Gould's 2nd.

The "Y. M. C. A." players, with the exception of Mr. Brown, must be considered as future members of this organization. Mr. Merrill was unable to play, having recently dislocated his elbow in football. The first half the teams seemed very evenly matched. The second team took the lead in scoring, but before the end of the half the Y. M. C. A. men had tied the score, 8 to 8. The second half our boys showed their team work and began a fast rush for goals, which the Bowdoin men could not check. The second team won with a score of 25 to 14.

We will not say what the outcome would have been with a real Bowdoin

Y. M. C. A., and a little practice. We certainly have a strong second team, and one which can play a fast, clean game.

Saturday afternoon a group of our boys gathered with the visitors and Dr. Wight at the Congregational chapel for a sing in preparation for the Sunday service. At six in the evening came the banquet and the committee, consisting of Dr. Tuell, Mrs. Lovejoy, Mrs. Arno, Mrs. Chandler and Mrs. Bowler had made ample provision for this most pleasing affair. Covers had been laid for one hundred; and as eighty young men and boys, led by the visitors filed into the dining room, the attractiveness of the tables was sufficient to whet the appetites of epicures. Nothing desirable was lacking and every guest filled himself to satiety amid much good cheer and amusement.

Then followed the toasts, Mr. E. C. Bowler filling the position of toast-master in his usual happy manner.

Mr. Arthur Cummings, a student in the Academy was first called upon. He spoke of Y. M. C. A. work with which he has had some acquaintance, and welcomed the deputation especially in behalf of the Academy.

Mr. Springer voiced the welcome of the business men in words appropriate and thoughtful. Rev. B. F. Fickett spoke for the churches with earnestness and feeling. And wit and wisdom, fun and good advice, levity and seriousness flowed from the lips of the following: Prof. Hanscom, Dr. Wight, Fred Merrill, Esq., and the men of the deputation, Mr. Douglass bringing this part of the program to a fitting close.

After the speeches a goodly company gathered again in the chapel and made it ring with the music of young masculine voices.

But we must not forget the hearty applause and cheers, for the visitors, the banquet committee, and the fair maidens, who served the tables so deftly and efficiently. When we left the chapel it was with feelings of satisfaction for what had passed and hopeful anticipations for the morrow.

Sunday morning the speakers at the Congregational church were Mr. Merrill the Congregational member, and Mr. Brown the Universalist member of the delegation. They talked of Christian service, especially the kind referred to in the latter part of the first chapter of John. Their words sincere, earnest and fervent, reached the hearts of every boy and young man present.

The interest and enthusiasm of this service was increased by the three young men, Farnham, Valentine and Wight, who reenforced the choir with their strong, hearty voices. The congregation was unusually large and the young people were in the majority.

Mr. Douglass, who spoke at the Methodist church, also had a good audience in which young people predominated, and delivered a potent and effective message.

At the Evangelistic service Sunday afternoon a goodly company of about sixty boys and young men gathered. All three of the Bowdoin men were there and spoke on the general subject of "Drifting." The appeal was to (1) Accept Christ as personal Saviour; (2) to unite with the church; (3) to take up daily Bible reading and prayer; (4) to cut out some bad habit. Fourteen of the boys wrote down their names pledging themselves to one or all these steps.

The evening service was wholly under the conduct of the boys, Winfield Wight taking charge in a natural and efficient way. The selections by Her-

rick's orchestra were most pleasing and helpful. The Scripture was read with fine expression by Carroll Valentine. A chorus of more than a score of boys led the singing.

The addresses of the Bowdoin men simple, yet heartfelt and tender, were well calculated to deepen the impressions already made. In a few words at the close of the service Mr. Curtis declared that the purpose of the Y. M. C. A. men in coming had been well accomplished and our expectations and desires fulfilled. The Bowdoin men had fully illustrated true Christian manliness and its desirability, and had clearly set forth its application to a real boy's life. Subsequent events prove that they had also furnished the needed stimulus to win more than a score of the boys to Christ. At the close of the service ten names were added to the fourteen above referred to and a temporary organization of a student Y. M. C. A. was formed with the following officers: Arthur Cummings, president; Carroll Valentine, secretary; Prof. Hanscom, faculty adviser, and these with Prof. Moore, and Student Winfield Wight, constitute a general committee.

Prin. Hanscom and Prof. Moore have followed up the work most conscientiously. The number of Academy boys who have signified an earnest desire and determination to lead a Christian life is thirty-seven, and at the beginning of next term definite steps will be taken to unite the boys into a permanent Y. M. C. A. organization.

"ONEIDA, THE INDIAN GIRL"

It was on one of the frontiers in Canada, where the Indians were giving much trouble. General Kent and his pretty daughter, Jessie, sat in their

small living room, wondering at the delay of the only son, Kenneth, the scapegrace. Too well they realized the danger lurking behind each shrub.

"There's no use waiting, Dad, and worry over Kenneth is wasted," but even as she spoke the door opened. A lad of nineteen, six feet tall, with fair, curly hair and blue eyes which bespoke his Saxon blood, stood, looking straight at his father. Jessie was dark and resembled her father, while Kenneth was the image of his dead mother—Jessie was the darling of the old man's heart—Kenneth, his despised son.

"So, at last you tear away from those devils and leave Fort Frontenac long enough to remind us you are living."

"Sir," and the young voice was pleading—"why did you take Oneida from her tribe—weren't the Redskins wild enough without this torch to start the fire? Eagle Eye will have his daughter and I—I do not blame him." The black eyes of General Kent burned with the passion of his anger, and his voice was hoarse and choked. "Isn't it enough that your marked attentions to that Indian girl should disgrace your sister and me—without your leaving your father's side for those damned Redskins? If not, go and tell Chief Eagle Eye that Oneida is mine in payment for the slaughter of your mother, and never will I surrender her until I die. Let them fight. They will find we have fled and taken her beyond their reach. She shall never return to her tribe."

It was dusk and Lake Ontario lay bathed in a sunset glow. Scarcely a sound was heard save the dip, dip of a paddle. Around a bend came a canoe and headed toward a grove of pines. Before it grounded a lithe form sprang from the grove and whispered,

"Oneida, light of the night, you have come, Oneida, my little one." The Indian girl stood, straight and tall, and with a dignity unfamiliar to squaws—threw her dark head back and laughed a low, soft laugh.

"Big man, your chief, he smart, Oneida she more smart. She dive from your tower and swim far way, your chief he no find Oneida. She no leave her Ken-nethe—she no leave Eagle Eye warriors."

"Ah, you did do as I advised, and now sweet one we will never part. Oneida and Kenneth will defy the chief, eh?"

"I see Oneida's chief. I tell heem the white man hurry, so fast to Quebec. I say kill—kill, I hate the white father," and the soft voice cooed an Indian war-song.

"Oneida, you have warned Big Eagle of tonight's plan—you have planned a massacre and you say—you love me—has your heart forgotten the lessons I told it—has your head left its resting place?"

The little black head drooped and a soft voice replied, "Me no fight—me tell Eagle to be on the hill by foot of Fort—miles far—your chief he go miles far other way, and Kenneth-e he take Oneida to Queeb-ee and you no go to England with Chief."

That night there rode from Fort Frontenac the entire troop under General Kent. The hostile reds would only wait for a favorable opportunity and the General dared no longer await his doom. His one pang was the escape of Oneida, the girl captive. Why had he let Captain Brown take the apparently docile maiden to the tower? Ah, but it was a wonderful dive, and perhaps Oneida lay dead in the bottom of the Gulf below. And Kenneth—well he would probably join the moving caravan, heart broken.

At the council at the big hill, warriors awaited the moving caravan. Too long had their chief checked them and they were eager for the massacre. Eagle Eye awaited the word from Oneida—the word that never came.

In the grey dusk of early morning two happy-faced children met General Kent as he entered the ranks of the out-posts of Quebec.

"Me am Kennethe's squaw, me lie to Eagle, me heap bad Injun, good white," and two little hands were held out pleadingly. "Where? how? who? Ah, it was you Oneida,—you!"—And the heart of Oneida beat joyfully when Kenneth and the General clasped in each others arms—thanked God for the escape.

C. I. K.

You're not quite ready to start, you say;

The time to be starting is now—to-day,

Don't dally; begin!

No man has ever been ready as yet, Nor ever will be;

You may fall ere you reach where your hopes are set,

But try it and see.

—Kiser.

He who goes down into the battle of life giving a smile for every frown, a cheery word for every cross one, and lending a helping hand to the unfortunate, is after all, the best of missionaries.



QUOTATIONS APPLIED

"A bold, bad man."

John Harrington.

"Red as a rose is she."

Alta Cummings.

"Her air, her manners, all who saw admired."

Eva Bartlett.

"He was a very parfit, gentil knyght."

Mr. Moore.

"Has more black than ashbuds in the front of March."

Helen Abbott.

"I smell a rat."

Cicero Class.

"I am very fond of the company of ladies, I like their beauty, I like their delicacy, I like their vivacity, and I like their silence."

Winfield Wight.

"I dare do all that may become a man; who dares do more is none."

Edward Brown.

"Besides, 'tis known he could speak Greek

As naturally as pigs squeak;
That Latin was no more difficile
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle."

Carroll Valentine.

"... Her hair was gold,
And her eyes were a blue cerulean."

Mildred Bosserman.

"From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth."

Frank Kittredge.

"For my voice, I have lost it with halloing and singing of anthems."

Percy Farnham.

"She was ever fair and never proud."

Hazel Arno.

"And wisely tell what hour o' day
The clock does strike, by algebra."

Junior Class.

"She is all my fancy painted her,
She's lovely, she's divine."

Howard Tyler.

"A proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day."

Lee Abbott.

"... Ah, why
Should life all labor be?"

Charles Tuell.

"My life is one demnd, horrid grind."

Henry Tenney.

"A sadder and a wiser man
He rose on the morrow morn."

Charles Small.

"Why ain't they all contented like me?"

Harrie Brown.

"The winds upon her played,
Blowing the ringlet from the braid."

Margaret E. Herrick.

"He hath a daily beauty in his life."

Mr. Hansecom.

"I am as sober as a judge."

Leo Cole.

"In the full tide of successful experiment."

Physics Class.

"There's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream."

Philip Wight.

"Is she not passing fair?"

Violet Morrill.

"Hang sorrow! care'll kill a cat!"

Norman Hamlin.

"With the smile that was childlike and
bland."

George Mundt.

"Earth's noblest thing,—a woman per-
fected."

Miss Pratt.

"Her stature tall,—I hate a dumpy wom-
an."

Edla Kendall.

"For Satin finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

Ernest Bowler.

"As merry as the day is long."

Sylvia Swan.

"Ah, happy years! once more who would
not be a boy?"

Carroll Abbott.

"Man delights not me: no, nor woman
neither."

Leroy Hamlin.

"When you do dance, I wish—you
A wave of the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that."

Carrie King.

"Meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones."

Alton Bartlett.

"Those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of
honor."

Miss Freeman.

" . . . Her face,
As the great eye of heaven, shone bright,
And made a sunshine in a shady place."
Marion Mansfield.

"Men of few words are the best men."

Ward Rounds.

"Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."

Perry Judkins.

"A moral, sensible, and well-bred man."

Urban Bartlett.

"We grant, although he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it."

Gard Goddard.

"Blushing is the color of virtue."

Ruth Farrington.

"Your absence of mind we have borne, till
your presence of body came to be called in
question by it."

Junior French Class.

"He is the very pine-apple of politeness."

Adelmar Brown.

"I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at."

Harold Chandler.

"There's nothing like being used to a
thing."

Eda Douglass.

"The grass stoops not, she treads on it so
light."

Evangeline Atherton.

"Wise to resolve and patient to perform."

Effie Bernier.

"Her face is like the milky way,
The sky,—

A meeting of gentle lights without a name."
Doris Frost.

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour."

Arthur Cummings.

The mildest manners, and the gentlest heart."

Mildred Eagle.

"Young fellows will be young fellows."

Fred King.

"Avec les beaux cheveux rouges."

Eva Bean.

"The gentleman and scholar."

Ralph Abbott.

"She is a winsome wee thing."

Florence Chapman.

"My man's as true as steel."

Ermine Rabideau.

"Although the last, not least."

Orlando George.

HOLDEN HALL NOTES.

News about Holden Hall is scarce at this writing. The inmates there are content to keep warm and let events wait until warmer times come.

There are twenty-five students boarding at the Dorm this year,—altogether a goodly bunch. No spreads break the monotony of the stilly nights for every one is in his little bed as soon as the lights wink.

Occasionally the girls gather in the dining room for a concert. These are not especially brilliant times, however, although musical talent is not wanting. Every one stands back and says, "No, I don't want to play, you do it," and the time is all gone before it is decided who shall play.

In the dining room it is still as silent during meals as in years gone by. No one pays attention to conversation except Samantha and Miss Pratt.

Mr. and Mrs. Hanscom and family come down every day for dinner. Indeed it would be lonesome without them for we hear of the big games seen by the boys and all the happenings at the grammar school.

There has been little going on for social activity this year. The Halloween social in the gym was the only effort made by Holden Hall people. We are hoping for a more brilliant season next term.

Among the various complaints at Holden Hall the most serious was a case of pneumonia which proved fatal (to the cat.)

While most of the school were enjoying a day at the County Fair, the few remaining at the Hall had a picnic lunch on Grover Hill.

Early in the Fall the tennis court was very popular. Free instruction was given by Prof. Moore to those sufficiently attractive. This course will be resumed in the spring. Come early and make your dates.

The reception room for some reason is not so attractive as last year.

The crockery man ought to give Mabel a gold medal for promoting trade.

Holden Hall proved too much for one of our number who after a three week's stay, "took to the woods."

"How true it is!"



SCHOOL NOTES.

School opened September 10, with the same teachers as last year, with the exception of Miss Randall, whose place is taken by Miss Alice T. Freeman of Salem, N. H.

Viola Bartlett, Ralph Young and Arthur Cummings joined the Senior class at the beginning of the fall term.

The Seniors still keep their reputation for being the largest class in school.

Miss Edith B. Marsden of the Senior class has the unique distinction of not having been absent from a class recitation since she entered Gould's Academy in the fall of 1909.

On Thursday evening, September 19, the first social of the year was given by the Seniors to the Freshmen. The gym was decorated with the Senior class colors, green and white, and refreshments of punch and fancy crackers were served during the evening.

A generous list of games kept the happy crowd having a good time until after ten o'clock. Everyone said he had never seen so many before at a school social, and all regretfully bade goodnight to the patronesses, Mrs. King, Mrs. Valentine and Mrs. Swan, voting it the best Senior social ever given.

On Thursday evening, October third, a reception was given in Odeon Hall to the students, alumni, parents and friends of the school by the lady trustees of Gould's Academy, Mrs. J. G. Gehring, Mrs. A. E. Herrick and Mrs. Agnes H. Straw. The first part of the evening was filled up with a delightful program given by the younger members of Dr. Gehring's household.

The first number was a charming version of Sally in our Alley by Miss Pratt, Mr. Bingham and Mr. Roper.

Then Mrs. Wight gave much pleasure by two songs, "Violets," and "Philosophy."

Three beautiful tableaux, adapted from Millais' Huguenot Lovers by Miss Parkes and Mr. Roper while Mr. Bingham and Miss Herrick played Mendelssohn's Spring Song, gave a glimpse of French history and English art.

Mr. Bingham's violin solo, "The Flower Song," by Lange, accompanied by Mrs. Edwards, was much appreciated and in response to a recall, he gave Traumerei, Schumann and Simple Aven, Thome.

The illustration of the old Scotch ballad, "Willie goes to Melville Castle," by Mr. Upson, Miss Upson, Miss Weed, Miss Pratt and Miss Herrick, was followed by two songs by Mr. Upson in Highland costume.

Then the selection, "Nini, Ninette, Ninon," by Miss Weed was followed by a vivacious version of "Kitty of Coleraine" by Miss Parkes and Mr. Upson.

The last number, "Coming Through the Rye," was one of the most pleasing on the program and everybody wished it longer.

Then came the march and the pretty figures of "Haymakers," followed by an hour's dancing, which ended a most enjoyable evening.

On Wednesday evening, October 9, Prof. Geo. N. Cross gave a stereopticon lecture on "Paris, a World Capital," in the assembly room of the Academy. On Wednesday evening, October 23, Prof. Cross gave another lecture on "Abraham Lincoln, the First American." Both lectures were very instructive and interesting and the pictures were very good. Prof. Cross is a lecturer who commands the whole attention of his audience and Gould's was very fortunate in securing him again this year. These lectures were under the auspices of the Senior Class and were well attended.

A strange assembly, consisting of witches, clowns, nurses, nuns, milkmaids, cowboys, Japanese maidens and many others gathered in the gym on Thursday evening, October 31, at a Hallowe'en party.

The first part of the evening was taken up by a short program consisting of a violin solo by Miss Margaret E. Herrick, accompanied by her sister, Blanche, a Scottish dance by the Misses Herrick and Seaton in costume and the short play, "The Witches' Outwitted," by the students at the dormitory.

Then after everyone had had his fortune told either by blowing out candles in the Witches' Tower, spearing the pumpkin, or by Madame Zola Zingari, and had tried his luck at bobbing for apples, a short social was enjoyed.

The gym was appropriately decorated with evergreens, corn stalks and Jack-o'-lanterns, and a good time was reported by all present.

The Sophomore class of Gould's Academy invited their friends to Garland Chapel, Thursday evening and those who accepted the invitation were much interested in the exhibition of

the work done by the English class under the instruction of Miss Freeman.

The following program was presented in a most creditable manner.

Characters.

Wilfred of Ivanhoe,	Francis Albion Bean
Brian de Bois Guilbert,	Leo George Cole
Maurice De Braicy,	Gard Maurice Goddard
The Palmer,	Gladys Estella Davis
Isaac of York,	Ethel Mae Cole
Gurth,	Ward Burton Rounds
Wamba,	Major Roswell Rix
Lady Rowena,	Doris Marcia Frost
Rebecca,	Eda Susan Douglass

Attendants.

Scene 1.—Sherwood Forest

Gurth, Wamba.

Scene 2.—Lady Rowena's Apartment

The Palmer, Lady Rowena.

Scene 3.—The Jew's Cell at Rotherwood

Isaac, The Palmer.

Scene 4.—Isaac's Lodging at Ashby

Gurth, Isaac.

Scene 5.—Lady Rebecca's Prison at Torquilstone

De Bracy, Lady Rowena.

Scene 6.—Ivanhoe's Room at Torquilstone

Ivanhoe, Rebecca.

Reading, Prince John's Plot,

Miss Mabel Bailey.

Scene 7.—Rebecca's Cell at Templestone

Bois Guilbert, Rebecca.

Reading, Overthrow of Bois Guilbert,

Miss Marion Frost.

Scene 8.—Lady of Ivanhoe's Apartment

Lady of Ivanhoe, Rebecca.

The parts were so well assigned according to the ability of the pupils that the result showed real merit, and friends may look to this class to furnish talent not often found in students so young. Miss Freeman deserves much credit for her painstaking work and the pupils showed that they had done their part faithfully. Those present appreciated the effort and gave much praise to the teacher and pupils.

Several students were obliged to be absent from school for long periods on account of illness. Miss Eva Bean missed two weeks in September, Clyde Lapham was out the last three weeks of the fall term on account of the serious illness of his brother. Mr. Charles Bartlett was seized with a sudden attack of appendicitis at school on Nov. 23, and was operated on the next day successfully. Gladys Russell was also obliged to leave school in order to undergo an operation for appendicitis.

TEACHER'S LEGACY.

Being about to leave school life,

And wishing to do so without care and strife;

That after my departure there will be no fuss,

I will and bequeath to the Juniors thus:—

To Marion Mansfield the belle of our town,

My leghorn bonnet and pink silk gown.

To Vera Holt who never flirts,

My old grey cloak and checkered skirts.

To M. C. Herrick who cuts such a dash,

My best mantilla and cardinal sash.

To Charles Small that sweet young chap,

My grandfather's coat and old boot-jack.

To M. E. Herrick that pretty lass,

My false teeth and looking glass.

To Edla Kendall who smiles so sweet,

My turkey tail fan and linen sheet.

To "Cassius" Farnham that nice little man,

I will my dinner horn and tin dust-pan.

To Effie of her I know no ill,

My spectacles and amberill.

To Perry Judkins so great and wise,

The last year's almanac and grandfather's eyes.

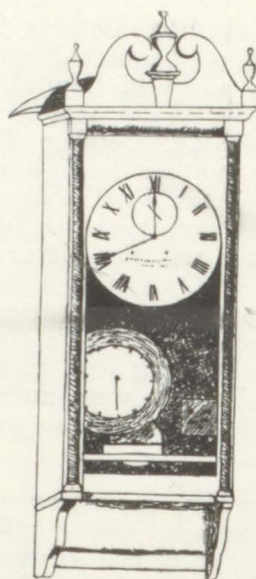
To Mabel Bean the primmest of girls,

My best grey wig and two false curls.

Now I've given away all I have to give,

So pray treat me well as long as I live.

E. B.



Under
The
School
Clock

Ping pongs! !

* * * *

By the bald headed!

* * * *

Mr. A-b-t in Senior Reviews.—A straight line is a line having only one extremity.

* * * *

Mr. A. K. in French 1.—Colored adjectives stand after their nouns.

* * * *

Mr. Sm-ll in Jr. English.—“What, do you think this room a sanitarium?”

* * * *

Senior French.—Marie Antoinette, l'autrechienne. Marie Antoinette the other dog.

Mr. Valentine.

* * * *

Some of the boys in Cicero still believe in a future subjunctive.

* * * *

Jr. English.—Mr. F— after being told to spend the period in making an outline, innocently asked.—“Will I have to go before the trustees?”

Spider reading Virgil.—He went back a step with his voice.

* * * *

Mr. M. R. in Sophomore English, (reading with great feeling),—"There lies Red Murdock, starched and stiff."

* * * *

Mr. F— recently informed the Juniors that Venus was a Greek god.

* * * *

Latin 1.—"The more I study the less I know."

Mr. Mundt.

* * * *

Mr. Hamlin in Virgil.—"He dragged his neck and hair in the dust."

* * * *

Mr. Valentine in Greek History.—Pericles made a funeral speech and celebrated the deaths.

* * * *

Latin 1.—Said in a discussion, "An optimist is a person that makes glasses."

Mr. Kittredge.

* * * *

The pronoun "we" in speaking of men in Latin, would not be feminine would it Mr. Valentine?

Carroll, hesitating, "No, probably not."

* * * *

The front seats in the new room are very popular with some of the boys, especially in Junior English.

* * * *

In Freshman Eng.—"The trees have begun to turn but it will be a long time before they fall."

* * * *

Ancient History.—Miss M— informs us that, "Hanging gardens," and "Hanging curtains" are quite apt to be confused.

* * * *

In Junior Eng.—"Cassius" and Bowler are employed in keeping the spiders from annoying M. C. H.

Miss F— informs the American History class that Pennsylvania appears to be very slow.

* * * *

French 1.—Is your cat prettier than your brother's?

Translation.—"Votre chat est-il plus joli que votre frere?"

* * * *

"Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he."

Percy Farnham.

* * * *

"She dresses aye sae clean and neat,
Baith decent and genteel,
And then there's something in her gait,
Makes ony dress look weel."

Margaret E. Herrick.

* * * *

"We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so."

Seniors (In Algebra Class.)

* * * *

Good nature and good sense must ever join.

Perry Judkins.

* * * *

Blessed with a taste exact, yet unconfined;
A knowledge both of books and human kind.

Carroll Valentine.

* * * *

Freshman History.—Motto: "Let George do it."

* * * *

"The Babylonians used a scythe to write with."

* * * *

"Abraham was called the God of night."

One of the Senior girls says that Sardis was set on fire because one of the Athenians dropped a match. The question is, "Where did he get it?"

* * * *

If there is one thing Hod likes better than another it is translating French. Just get him started and see!

* * * *

The Seniors want the recipe for the black broth eaten by the Spartans.

* * * *

Wanted:—A strengthening plaster for the memories of the Junior boys.

* * * *

Wanted:—An alarm clock for C. L.

* * * *

Wanted:—An ear trumpet for Ikey so he can get to school on time.

* * * *

One of the Senior Normal girls says: "Some of us don't expect to teach more than a year or two."

* * * *

French translation: "And her golden hair fell on his shoulders."

ALUMNI NOTES.

1912.

Albert F. Clark, at home, Bethel.

Walter N. Keene, teaching in Poland.

Lawrence E. Philbrook, student at University of Maine.

Harold E. Rich, Bethel.

Lillian G. Bean, employed at Maple Inn, Bethel.

Annie M. Newcomb, at home, North Waterford.

Elmon Jordan has just completed a short Commercial Course at Kent's Hill Seminary.

Christie Jean Taylor, at home, Bethel.

Guy T. Kendall, clerk, Mechanic Falls.

Olive F. Wardwell, spending the winter at the home of Mrs. J. G. Gehring, Bethel.

Edwin L. Lawler, married July 2nd to Miss Marian Hanscom of Casco, resides at Mechanic Falls.

Earle W. Farnham, clerk in Thomas Smiley's store, Norway.

Cleveland R. West and wife, nee Bertha M. Thurston, '11, reside at Errol, N. H., where Mr. West is engaged in business.

Florence E. Springer, after teaching the fall term of school at Mason, is now attending Farmington Normal School.

John H. Howe, at home, East Bethel.

Gladys V. Bartlett, teaching the village school at Gilead, Me.

Ruth I. Mason, at home, Bethel.

Francis D. Mills, ex-'12, pupil teacher at Yarmouth Academy.

1911.

Marie Swan, employed in Portland.

Oscar E. Judkins, attending University of Maine.

Mary Stanley, teaching at Middle Intervale.

Leslie Davis, learning machinist trade at Manchester, N. H.

Edna M. Bartlett, at home, East Bethel.

Lula Cummings, teaching in Greenwood.

Mildred Chapman, teaching at Milton, Me.

Irving R. Harriman, student at Bates College.

Carl L. Brown, employed in the Citizen office, Bethel.

Ivan W. Arno, scaler for G. L. Thurston.

Alta W. Smith, '10, attending Farmington Normal School.

Helen Spencer, '10, Blanche Richardson, '10, and Agnes Hutchins, '09, attending Gorham Normal School.

Fred B. Hall recently purchased Harry Brown's barber shop.

Susan King is spending the winter in Boston.

Ernest F. Bisbee, clerk for Ceylon Rowe and Son, Bethel.

Mrs. Ida Littlehale Chapman, West Paris.

Gustavo Linares, recently married in Cuba.

Dellison A. Conroy, clerk for W. E. Bosserman, Bethel.

The engagement of Florence L. Eaton, '08, to Carl W. Greene of Waterville, was recently announced.

Jerome C. Holmes, '02, a graduate of Hartford, Conn., Divinity School, is spending a year in the study of the Japanese language, preparatory to going to Japan, as a missionary.

Miss Belle Randall is teaching at Long Branch, N. J.

Wm. H. Holmes was recently elected Supt. of Schools of Yarmouth and Freeport, Me.

Jeanette L. Sturtevant, teacher of French, Hallowell, Me.

Rev. Fenwicke L. Holmes, pastor of Congregational church near Los Angeles, Cal.

Harold F. Hanscom, married July 2nd to Miss Elsie Libby of Gorham, Me.

George E. Smith, student at University of Maine.

MY WORK.

Let me but do my work from day to day
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market-place, or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
This is my work, my blessing, not my
doom.

Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in my own
way.

Then shall I see it not too great nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerfully greet the laboring
hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows
fall
At eventide, to play, and love, and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.
—Henry Van Dyke.



ATHLETICS

BASE BALL.

The base ball season is never long, and this year it was unusually short. Our athletic field was rather late in drying out. For this reason our boys could not get out and practice team work until many base ball nines were seeking games abroad.

The five games played during the spring term of school were very interesting, especially to Gould's observers, as our boys met with but one defeat.

The team was made up mostly of new men, only four of last year's players, Lawler, Farnham, Young and Fos-

ter, returning this year. Under Farnham's captainship the seven new men, Cummings, Wight, Chandler, Bowler, L. Hamlin, N. Hamlin and Lapham, have made good, and played the game for Gould's. Lawler's pitching was a winning feature of a number of our games.

GOULD'S AT GORHAM.

May 11, the first game of the season was played at Gorham between Gorham High School and Gould's. Gould's was victorious with a score of 6 to 3.

The line up:

GOULD'S.	GORHAM H. S.
Lawler, p.	p., 3b., Harriman.
Chandler, c.	c., Barnett.
Wight, 1b.	1b., Hammond.
N. Hamlin, 2b.,	2b., Mortenson.
Foster, Bowler, 3b.	3b., ss., L. Newall.
Farnham, ss.	ss., p., H. Newall.
L. Hamlin, rf.	rf., Stewart.
Cummings, cf.	cf., Gillis.
Judkins, lf.	lf., C. Stewart.

Score, Gould's 6, Gorham 3. Runs, Lawler 1, Bowler 2, L. Hamlin 1, Farnham 1, Cummings 1, Hammond 1, Barnett 2. Umpire, Pillsbury. Scorer, Philbrook.

GORHAM H. S. AT BETHEL.

On May 15, Gorham H. S. played the return game at Bethel. On the home diamond the boys did better than at Gorham, and Gould's won 6 to 1. Lawler excelled for the home team, while Harriman secured the run for Gorham.

The line up:

GOULD'S.	GORHAM H. S.
Lawler, p.	p., Harriman.
Chandler, c.	c., Barnett.
Wight, 1b.	1b., Hammond.
N. Hamlin, 2b.	2b., Stilson.
Foster, Bowler, 3b.	3b., L. Newall.
Farnham, ss.	ss., H. Newall.
L. Hamlin, rf.	rf., Stewart.
Cummings, cf.	cf., Gillis.
Lapham, lf.	lf., C. Stewart.

Score, Gould's 6, Gorham 1. Runs, Lawler 2, Farnum 1, Cummings 1, N. Hamlin 1, Lapham 1, Harriman 1. Umpires, Hastings and Richardson. Scorer, Philbrook.

BERLIN HIGH AT BETHEL.

On May 22, Berlin High met the Gould's nine on the home grounds. The game was the best of the season. Berlin quit at the end of the ninth inning with the score 3 to 3. Lawler, N. Hamlin and Lapham secured the runs for Gould's, and Light, Smith and McGee secured those for Berlin.

The line up:

GOULD'S.	BERLIN HIGH.
Lawler, p., ss.	p., Stewart.
Chandler, c.	c., McGee.
Wight, 1b.	1b., Martin.
N. Hamlin, 2b., p.	2b., Whitten.
Foster, Bowler, 3b.	3b., Light.
Farnham, ss., 2b.	ss., Smith.
L. Hamlin, rf.,	rf., Hobson.
Cummings, cf.,	cf., Gonya.
Lapham, lf.,	lf., Dahl.

Score, Gould's 3, Berlin 3. Runs, Lawler 1, N. Hamlin 1, Lapham 1, Light 1, Smith 1, McGee 1. Umpire, Hastings. Scorer, Philbrook.

NORWAY HIGH AT BETHEL.

On May 25, Norway High came to Bethel and defeated the home team 4 to 3. The game was very interesting. This was the first time for thirteen years that Norway had won on Gould's grounds.

The line up:

GOULD'S.	NORWAY HIGH.
Lawler, p.	p., Packard.
Chandler, c.	c., Chute.
Wight, 1b.	1b., Shepard.
N. Hamlin, 2b.	2b., Klain.
Bowler, 3b.	3b., McDaniels.
Farnham, ss.	ss., Russell.
L. Hamlin, rf.	rf., Haskell.
Cummings, cf.	cf., Thomas.
Lapham, lf.	lf., Snow.

Score, Gould's 3, Norway 4. Runs, Lawler 1, N. Hamlin 1, Lapham 1, Packard 1, Snow 1, Chute 1, Thomas 1. Umpires, Young and Wight. Scorer, Philbrook.

GOULD'S VS. ALUMNI.

After graduation, Gould's regular team played against nine of the Alumni. This has been the custom for some years, and as usual the alumni were beaten.

The line up:

GOULD'S.	ALUMNI.
Lawler, p.	c., Taylor.
Chandler, c.	p., A. Brown.
Wight, 1b.	1b., Arno.
N. Hamlin, 2b.	2b., T. Brown.
Bowler, 3b.	*3b., Clifford.
Farnham, ss.	lf., Thurston.
L. Hamlin, rf.	cf., Cummings.
Cummings, cf.	rf., Davis.
Lapham, lf.	ss., Littlehale.

Score, Gould's 7, Alumni 1. Run, Lawler 2, Farnham 2, Wight 1, Cummings 1, Chandler 1. *Pitched from 7th.

BOYS' BASKET BALL.

Again the outlook for a fine basket ball team at Gould's is very bright.

Three of last year's team are with us again and with ten recruits from the Sophomore and Freshman classes the loss of the old men will not be so severely felt. An excellent schedule has been arranged with the strongest teams in the State which have not been seen at Gould's gymnasium since 1908.

Nov. 22, Town Team.
Dec. 6, Bowdoin Independents.
Dec. 13, Rumford H. S. at Rumford.
Jan. 3, Open.
Jan. 11, Open.

Jan. 17, Westbrook Seminary at Westbrook.

Jan. 24, Rumford H. S. at Bethel.

Jan. 31, Open.

Feb. 7, Westbrook Seminary at Bethel.

Feb. 14, Edward Little at Bethel.

Feb. 21, Berlin H. S. at Bethel.

Feb. 28, Open.

Games for Jan. 3, Jan. 31, and Feb. 28 are being arranged.

The first game of the season took place with the town team which ended in a victory for the town, being their first victory.

TOWN TEAM 16, GOULD'S 15.

GOULD'S.	TOWN TEAM.
Bowler, lf.	rf., Littlehale.
Small, rf.	lf., Barker.
Cummings, c.	c., Twaddle.
Judkins, lg.	lg., Chapman.
Wight, rg.	rg., Clark.

Goals from floor: Bowler 1, Small 1, Judkins 1, Littlehale 1, Barker 1, Twaddle 4. Goals from fouls: Bowler 9, Twaddle 4. Referee, Hall. Scorer, Pratt.

The next game was played with Bryant's Pond which was an easy victory for Gould's.

Gould's 16.	Bryant's Pond 6.
Young, rf.	rg., Cummings.
Bowler, lf.	lg., Crocker.
Cummings, c.	c., Stevens.
Wight, rg.	rg., Hathaway.
Judkins, lg.	lg., Morgan.

Goals from floor: Young 2, Bowler 1, Cummings 2, Hathaway 1, Cummings 1. Goals from fouls: Young 4, Cummings 2. Referee, Bisbee. Scorer, Pratt.

On Dec. 6, Gould's played the strong Bowdoin Independents, consisting of the pick of Bowdoin and Bates Colleges. In the second half however our boys scored 12 points to their opponents 6.

Gould's 16.

Young, rf.
Bowler, lf.
Cummings, c.
Wight, rg.
Judkins, lg.

Bowdoin Independents 29.

rg., Dennis.
lf., Woodstock.
c., Thompson.
lg., Woodcock.
rf., Twaddle.

Goals from floor: Young 6, Bowler 1, Dennis 5, Woodstock 7, Twaddle 2. Goals from fouls: Young 2, Twaddle 2. Referee, Bisbee. Scorer, Martyn, Time keeper, Moore.

The fourth game was played at Rumford Falls with the strong High School team there, and again Gould's outplayed their opponents in the second half.

Gould's 11.

Young, rf.
Bowler, lf.
Cummings, c.
Wight, King, rg.
Goddard, Judkins, lg.

Rumford H. S. 40.

rf., Richardson.
lf., Poulin.
c., Thomas.
rg., Dyer.
lg., Andrews.

Goals from floor: Young 3, Bowler 1, Richardson 11, Poulin 5, Dyer 3. Goals from fouls: Young 1, Bowler 2, Poulin 2. Referee, Damon. Umpire, Hanley. Scorer, Woodsum.

GOULD'S SECOND TEAM.

During the visit of the Bowdoin deputation our second team played a team consisting of the Y. M. C. A. men and some of our own men, the game resulting in a victory for the second team.

Bowdoin Y. M. C. A.

Chapman, lf.
Valentine, rf.
Brown, c.
Tenney, rg.
Barker, lg.

Gould's 2nd.

lf., Small.
rf., King.
c., Howe.
rg., Hamlin.
lg., Goddard.

Goals from floor: Chapman 2, Valentine 2, Tenney 1, Barker 2, Small 4, King 1, Howe 5, Hamlin 1, Goddard 1. Referee, Loring. Scorer, M. Martyn. Umpire, Bisbee.

GIRLS' BASKET BALL.

The season of 1912-1913 opened with about the usual number out for

practice. Considerable enthusiasm is shown by members of the first team of which Alice Swan is captain. Some of the town girls have been practicing with the Gould's girls and hope to be able to organize a team later.

Owing to the formation of a girls' basket ball league among the schools near Portland the schedule is rather less complete than usual. So far two public games have been played with Woodstock High School, one at Bethel Nov. 22, the score being 6 to 2 in favor of Gould's; and one at Bryant's Pond, Dec. 6, score 9 to 9. Following is the line up:

W. H. S. at Bethel, Nov. 22.

W. H. S., 2.	Gould's 6.
Millett, lg.,	rf., Swan.
Arkett, rg.,	lf., E. Bartlett.
Jackson, c.,	c., V. Bartlett.
Farnum, rf.,	lg., Bailey.
Barbrick, lf.,	rg., A. Kimball.
Crooker, sub.,	sub., Davis.

Referee, Martyn; umpire, Fisher; scorer, Pratt; timer, Moore. Goals from the floor: Farnum 1, Swan 1, E. Bartlett 1. Goals from fouls: Swan 2.

Gould's at Bryant's Pond, Dec. 6.

W. H. S. 9.	Gould's 9.
Farnum, lf.,	rg., Kimball.
Barbrick, rf.,	lg., Bailey.
Jackson, c.,	c., V. Bartlett.
Millett, lg.,	lf., Swan.
Arkett, rg.,	lf., E. Bartlett.
Crooker, sub.,	sub., Davis.

Goals from floor: Farnum 1, Jackson 2, V. Bartlett 2, Swan 1. Goals from fouls: Barbrick 1, Jackson 2, Swan 3. Referee, Pratt; umpire, Fisher; scorer, Davis; line-men, Crooker and Adams.

COMMENCEMENT, 1912.

On Sunday, June 2nd, the baccalaureate sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Little of Bethel. As is the cus-

tom, the members of the school marched in a body from the Academy to the church. The church was beautifully decorated, and the music was especially pleasing.

GRADUATION EXERCISES.

For the first time in fifteen years the graduation day was unpleasant. However, this did not prevent Odeon Hall from being filled to the extent of its capacity on the afternoon of Thursday, June 6th.

The hall was exquisitely decorated. Many class banners hung on the walls. Upon a bank of evergreen at the back of the stage was the class motto: "Aut Viam Reperire Aut Facere," "Find a way or make it." Near the front of the platform stood a small table upon which was placed a picture of Mr. Morris Pratt. This was surrounded by purple and white, Mr. Pratt's college colors.

The students were marshalled in by Norman Hamlin of the class of 1913.

The addresses of the graduating class were very ably delivered. After the presenting of the diplomas to the graduating class, the Pratt memorial prizes were awarded as follows:—

Senior Class.—Girls, 1st prize, Miss Gladys Bartlett, \$15; 2nd, divided between Mildred Eagle and Edith Marsden, \$10. Boys.—1st, Ralph Abbott, \$15; 2nd, divided between Adelmarr Browne and Carroll Valentine, \$10.

Sophomore Class.—Girls, \$25 divided equally between Marian Mansfield and Margaret C. Herrick. Boys.—1st, Arthur Cummings, \$15; 2nd, George Roberts, \$10.

Freshman Class.—Girls, \$25 divided equally between Eva Bartlett and Marion Frost. Boys.—1st, Leo Cole, \$15; 2nd, Harry Brown, \$10.

The following is the program:—
PROGRAM.

March.
Music.
Invocation.
Latin Salutatory,
HAROLD ELLIOT RICH.
A Day at the County Fair,
*ANNIE MAE NEWCOMB.
Address to Undergraduates,
ALBERT FOSTER CLARK.
Roosevelt The Man,
*WALTER NATHANIEL KEENE.
Class History,
CHRISTIE JEAN TAYLOR.
Music.
Class Oration—
LAWRENCE EUGENE PHILBROOK.
Lincoln As A Statesman,
*LILLIAN GRACE BEAN.
Presentation of Class Gift,
MONA LEE MARTYN.
Acceptance of Gift,
ELLERY C. PARK, Trustee.
The Future of Gould's Academy,
*ELMON JORDAN.
Class Prophecy,
OLIVE FRANCES WARDWELL.
The Strike At Lawrence,
*CLEVELAND RAY WEST.
Music.
Why I Want A College Education,
*EDWIN LA FOREST LAWLER.
Class Will,
EARLE WADE FARNHAM.
Why Should Women Vote?
*FLORENCE ETHEL SPRINGER.
Presentation of Gifts to Class,
GLADYS VERLIE BARTLETT.
Aerial Navigation,
*JOHN HASTINGS HOWE.
Valedictory Address,
RUTH ISABELLE MASON.
Music.
Conferring of Diplomas.
Awarding of Prizes.
Singing Class Ode.
Benediction.
*Excused.

CLASS ODE.

GUY THOMAS KENDALL.

(AIR.—"Dear Old M. L. T.")

The heart of every student
Who has worn the blue and gold,
One aim, one hope, one purpose
Should ever steadfast hold—
To see our Alma Mater
O'er every hard fought field
Sweep on her way to victory
With a faith that will not yield.

CHORUS.

"Find a way"—we are working for you;
To you we will e'er be true;
"Make a way"—we are all behind you,
And we'll stand for the gold and blue.
Though the road may be long before us,
Faith our labor shall o'er-rule,
And we'll find a way or make one
To save our dear old school.

We promise our allegiance,
We, who must leave her now;
Oh, join us, all who love her,
And pledge with us a vow!
To win for her endowment
We must not halt or stay;
For power, for strength, for service,
Make straight her onward way.

CONCERT.

On Thursday evening was given the Commencement concert. The Harvard Quartette and Miss Pauline Small Winslow were very pleasing to the audience.

RECEPTION.

The Commencement reception was held on Friday evening. In the receiving line were Miss Mary H. True, Mrs. A. E. Herrick, Mrs. Harry Jordan, Mrs. D. S. Hastings, Principal Hanscom, Mrs. Hanscom, Miss Pratt, and the members of the graduating class. The reception lasted from eight to half past nine, and after this there was a short order of dances. Hobbs' orchestra of Lewiston furnished the music. After the dancing came farewells. The Commencement was over.

OBITUARY.

Charles K. Fox.

Charles K. Fox, a native of Oxford County, and a former student at Gould's Academy, died recently at his home in Haverhill, Mass.

Mr. Fox was born at Roxbury, Me., in 1851. His family moved to Rumford in 1860 where he lived until he went to Haverhill, Mass. There he was in the employ of the late Eben Safford, publisher of the "Essex Banner," a weekly newspaper, until he resigned to engage in the shoe business.

He prospered in this line and the products of the Fox shoe factory have been well known for many years throughout this country.

Mr. Fox was one of the first directors of the Savings Bank Life Insurance Co., in fact the first to establish a branch of that institution in Haverhill, and was also a trustee of the Haverhill Hospital and a member of the commission that built the new and beautiful High School building in that city.

Fraternally he was affiliated with the Saggahew Lodge of Masons and Haverhill Commandery, K. T., and with the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston. He was also one of the leading members of the Boston Boot and Shoe Club and the National Shoe and Leather Association.

He leaves his wife, a step-daughter, Mrs. Chas. S. Drake, of Wichita, Kan., and a daughter, Mrs. Karl F. Pitcher.

Mr. Fox has always been a loyal friend of Gould's Academy. He has contributed for the temporary assistance of the school as his attention has been called to its needs, and in his last will generously remembered his Alma Mater by a bequest of \$5,000, a gift gratefully appreciated by the friends of that institution.



EXCHANGES.

We are glad to find among our exchanges the following papers:

- "Ye Racquet," Portland High School.
- "The Colby Echo," Waterville.
- "Maine Campus," U. of M.
- "The Bates Student," Bates College, Lewiston.
- "Oracle," E. L. H. S.
- "The Zephyr," Springfield Normal School.
- "The Par-Sem," Parsonfield Seminary.
- "The High School Outlook," Porter High School.
- "The Clavis," Jay High School

Although the E. L. H. S. Oracle has no exchanges in its May number, the column, "Wise and Otherwise," has some good jokes.

"The Bates Student" offers as good jokes as we find among our exchanges.

In the "Good Will Record" for December a very interesting article on Natural History is found. It gives a list of the State flowers. Five States claim goldenrod.

"He sent his son to college
And now he cries, "Alack!
I spent a thousand dollars
And only got a quarter-back."

Ex.

"The time will come," thundered
the suffragette orator, "when woman
will get man's wages."

"Yes," muttered the man in the
rear seat, "next Saturday night."

Mary had a little geese, the old thing would-
n't gobble,
She took it to a rummage sale and swapped
it for a hobble.

Ex.

Courtship.—He swears to her.
Honeymoon.—He swears by her.
Married (one year later.)—He
swears at her.

Ex.

"You can't come in my English class;
I don't want you any more;
You'll be sorry when you see
Flunks appearing by the score.
I told you not to whisper; I told you not to
laugh;
You've got to be an angel to stay in my
English class."

Ex.

Father—Women, my son, are a de-
lusion and a snare.

Boy—It's strange how some people
will hug a delusion.

Ex.

The exchange editor may use her pen,
Till the cords of her fingers are sore,
But someone is sure to remark, with a sneer,
"How stale, we've heard that before."

Ex.

He—Say, Rose, you would be a good
dancer but for two things.

She—What are thy?

He—Your feet.

Ex.

A high school paper is a great institution,
The business manager gets the experience,
The editors get the blame,
And the printers get the money—
If there is any.—

Ex.

Ex.

Only good looking people are to
read this. (I wouldn't be so conceit-
(ed.)

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Names rarely seen in tables of contents will be found in The Companion's Announcement for 1913, which will be sent upon request—with samples of the paper, to those not familiar with it.

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